Dup.

Kirkpatrick

VOICES of PEACE

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THE MACHINERY OF PEACE

Have you ever watched machinery work for the first time? It is all polished and glistening with newness. When the current is attached it begins to move, at first slowly, then with increasing rapidity, until it is going at full speed. The effectiveness of the whole machinery is made possible only by the integration of the various parts.

A successful school year at Peace can be accomplished only when the several hundred girls intelligently work together for the good of all. When we arrive here the first day, each of us has an opportunity to illuminate her own special sphere with a co-operative smile. Thus the whole campus will beam with gladness and joy. On the contrary, each can frown refusal to aid in any campus project. Students that will not co-operate are like imperfect screws or bolts in the wheel which hinder the productiveness of the whole machine.

Many hands make our tasks lighter. Not only the most brilliant and most capable should be expected to do the work; each one of us has an important function to fulfill.

Watch the operations of great machinery. Are the large cranks and wheels the only ones that do the work? No; even the smallest screw has an important part to play.

With all the parts working in perfect harmony, even the intricate machinery of our modern age clicks to the momentum of co-ordinating parts. With all the girls at Peace co-laboring in perfect concord, even the complicated machinery of our school life may click to the momentum of kindred ideals.

A.M.J.

RIDDLE

Silvery, glistening, I cling,-
A small, yet a beautiful sparkling thing.
Gossamer, net-like, swaying in the wind,
Slender, frail, and yet strong as a friend.
Sometimes heavy-laden, filled with drops;
Sometimes, though empty, my center flops.
Poets write about me and choruses sing;
Little folk dance in my magic ring.
Like a fine-spun saucer I have a brim.
I am dainty, and flimsy, and yet I am prim.
You have seen me both in the night and day,
From week to week and from May to May.
I welcome the sun's rays; I bid them good-bye;
I catch the moon's beams, and I watch them die.
I dress the flowers in silver and pearl;
My banners I spread and gaily unfurl.
Dewdrops and fresh air press me into a sheath;
I protect tiny beings that gather beneath.
Larger folk take me and sleep in my fold;
The longer they stay, the faster my hold.
What am I?

Mildred Polston, '36

(The following contributions from the class of 1936 were originally intended for the magazine that did not materialize last spring.)

"PLUCK BRIGHT HONOUR"

I shall not attempt to describe the kind of honor system that I think we should have at Peace College. I shall attempt only to comment on the real meaning of the word "honor", and in so doing hope that we shall see clearly that honor is worth the "plucking".

What is honor? With the aid of the dictionary I have formulated these conceptions: Honor is esteem due or paid to worth; honor is excellence of character; if we possess honor, then we have conformed to the duty imposed by conscience, by position, or by privilege. Honesty is characterized by fairness and straightforwardness in thought, speech, and conduct. Honesty implies total abstinence from any intent to deceive. Honesty means decency!

Our good name and reputation are derived directly from the honor we possess. Our reputation is our place in public esteem. We may not be "Public Enemy No. I", but if we are dishonest we need not expect public opinion of us to be high.

In our life here at Peace, honor plays a vital part. Let us consider what may be called classroom honor, campus honor, and personal honor. Foremost in our minds at this particular time is honor connected with school work. A person who persists in cheating in her scholastic life will naturally be dishonorable also in other places.

Also very important to Peace as a college is campus honor I am thinking of the "rules and regulations" that govern our everyday lives. A number of us think that when we have graduated from college we shall have graduated also from rules, but this is a fallacy. College is itself life, while at the same time it is preparation for life in a larger and fuller way. How can we expect to follow the rules of life in a larger and fuller way,

if we don't start right now to build up "what it takes"? The temptations of our future lives are going to be much harder to resist than the ones we now face. We must daily build up will-power that will be strong enough to fight a winning battle over these bigger temptations to come. Our attitude toward all the regulations that we may now regard as "silly rules" will largely determine the stand we shall take in regard to the problems of our later life.

Last, but not least, comes personal honor, which in its broader sense includes the other two phases. Without personal honor, what can one expect to achieve in classroom or campus activities? Personal honor is exactly what it implies - fair dealing with oneself. When we "swipe" a piece of cake, when we "downright" steal, when we gossip, when we lie to our room-mate, when we stoop to any little thing that we don't want our neighbors to know, realize it or not, we are cheating ourselves out of life at its best - something that Peace gives for the asking.

We are not able to agree with the fat Falstaff's reasoning: "What is honor? a word. What is that word honor? air. — therefore I'll none of it." Rather, we admire Hotspur, who would gladly die for honor's sake. In his words rings a challenge:

"By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon."

Let us daily "pluck bright honour" for ourselves and Peace.

Cathryn Byers, '36

AUTUMN FLAME

Against the sober background of green pines the majestic maple lifted a flaming crown. Its vari-colored leaves reflected the rays of the setting sun and gave the appearance of a huge torch. The brisk autumn wind stirred the thick foliage and made it seem truly a living flame. The occasional falling of leaves, as of glowing embers, seemed to forecast that the flame would soon die.

Keene Wade, '38

MORNING SONG

Now the sun with tender fingers
Dresses the romping, rosy day.
With a note of silver sweetness
A thrush sounds forth his roundelay:

"Awake, oh world, awake!
There's work to be done,
A living won,
And what's the good of overtime sleeping?
There's a new race to run,
A new life's begun,
And what's the good of old grudges keeping?

"One day past, to-day was to-morrow.
If that be so, where is yesterday's sorrow?
You say you don't know?
Well, neither do I!
But one thing I know--ther's a sun in the sky,
Dewdrops on the rose,
And a bird song on high.

"There's a tang in the air
And a glow in the morn.
Oh world, awake!
A new day is born!"

Frances Priscilla Baker, '36

HABERDASHERY

A gray-blue dusk was showly descending upon the noisy streets. With the dusk a light snow had begun to sift gently down, making the walking just a bit uncertain. People pulled their coats closer about them. It was going to be a freezer, this!

It was the usual sort of down-town crowd--some richly dressed, some poorly; some snobbish, some friendly; some smiling and some frowning--just the sort one sees on any busy street at nightfall.

Yet in the hurrying throng one face detached itself from the general blur. It was a man's face. And in some queer way it seemed more of a mask than a face. There was no joy, no sadness in its immobility. In the gathering dusk the features were not easily discernible, but had there been one in the crowd who prided himself on being a close observer, he might have been shocked at the fire smouldering in the depths of the eyes. But there were no close observers. True, people looked at him, but only with the superficial glances of mere passers-by. If they wondered at his strange somnambulistic appearance, they wondered only vaguely.

The stranger noticed none of the glances he received. His mind was filled with one thought--revenge. It burned and burned within him until he seemed to have no other sense. Formerly he had been able somewhat to control his fierce resentment with the thought of the price he would have to pay for yielding to it. Finally, however, hatred had gained the upper hand and crowded out reason. And now- -.

Subconsciously, his footsteps led him from the main thoroughfare down a small side street, through which he walked looking neither to right nor left until he reached a certain small shop crowded in between two larger ones. The windows on this street were just beginning to glimmer through the now rapidly falling flakes. The little shop had not yet lit its windows and the interior was very dim save for the reflections from other stores. On the window in large gilt letters the new-comer could make out the words, "A. Mueller, Haberdashery.".

He passed slowly by the shop, trying to search out in the dimness whether or not the person he sought was there. The first time he looked he saw no one, but he returned and looked into the window again as casually as he could. At last he saw him.

Mueller stood in the reflected light which illumined his long narrow face with its slits of eyes and thin avaricious mouth. The man outside gritted his teeth as Mueller languidly lit a cigarette and casually threw the match away. Mueller was like that--casual. He had been more than ordinarily "casual" when he had helped convict John Gordon of defrauding the company of Mueller Brothers and Gordon. He had made it plain that it could have been no one else. That was all there was to it. He and his brothers were men of integrity. John Gordon was little known in the city; "Mueller Brothers" was a concern of long standing. Gordon was queer and shy; the Muellers were exceedingly friendly, perhaps over friendly. Yes, Gordon was obviously guilty. So he had been put in prison to serve a five-year term for a crime he had not committed. At first he had been bewildered, crushed; but despair had turned to hatred for the men who had caused his suffering. When his term was up, he had learned that the older Mueller had left the country and that Andrew was keeping a smaller shop on a side street.

As he stood now in the shadows, Gordon felt his anger blaze anew. At last his chance had come. He watched Mueller as, throwing his cigarette away, he went slowly into the stockroom at the back. Softly Gordon opened the door and stepped in. Then, as he padded down the length of the store, he became suddenly afraid. A cold sweat stood on his forehead. After all, he was not a killer. But he heard Mueller humming. Straightening up, he drew his revolver, and stepped cautiously to the door of the stockroom. In the store it was now almost dark. His eyes slowly grew accustomed to the gloom of the interior. Ah, yes, he thought he saw Mueller now barely moving in the gloom. Gordon raised his revolver. There would be no noise, for he had thought to put on a silencer. A flash streaked the gloom. Then came a sharp exclamation, followed by a soft thud.

Blind with horror, Gordon whirled and ran out into the street. He saw no one. Turning the corner, he took a breath and slowed down. Suddenly he realized he still held the smoking pistol. Frantically he glanced about, but saw no one. He thrust the pistol into his pocket and hurried on. He was now well out of the neighborhood of the store and entering busier streets. He must not act as though anything had happened, --just keep walking. But suppose someone could read the horror in his eyes? Of course not. He must be sensible. His terror grew, however; in spite of him, it persisted and swelled to such gigantic proportions it seemed as if he must cry out to the unsympathetic crowd that he had not meant to do it. Perspiration trickled down his cheeks in queer contrast to the snow falling all about him. His heart pounded wildly. The sky had been very blue and the air very fresh when he had left prison. A hot feeling surged through him; he did not want to go back !.

On he walked, sometimes reeling slightly from the whirling in his head. A black cloud seemed to settle over him, and plainly written across it he could see in flaming red: "I, John Gordon, have killed a man!". He stumbled and, sensing that he was near a doorway, he leaned gratefully against it. His brain was almost numb and his heart heavy with an intolerable load. Without warning, a voice pierced the blackness which enveloped him:

"Have you heard about Andrew Mueller?"

Gordon stiffened. His heart gave a sudden hard throb. A brisk voice replied:

"No, what about him?"

"Well," the first voice responded, "he has had a remarkable experience."

The guilty man slightly swayed in the darkness.

"It seems," went on the first voice calmly, "that he was back in his stockroom to-night when somebody took a shot at him, no less!"

"Didn't get him, though?"

"No, that's the odd thing," answered the first voice unhurriedly, "Didn't do anything but scare him stiff. But the

bullet hit a clothing dummy and knocked it over. Only damage was a bullet-hole through the dummy's coat. Do you call that a close shave or not?"

"Man! Do I!" responded the brisk second voice. "I wonder who had anything against Mueller."

Frances Baker, '36.

"JEWEL OF THE CARIBBEAN"

Jamaica! The name in itself is unusual, alluring, fitting indeed for the little island sometimes called the "Jewel of the Caribbean." This name was probably given when it was inhabited by the Aranaks, many years before its discovery by Columbus, and means the "land of many waters". This is very appropriate because one of Jamaica's chief attractions is its great number of beautiful rivers. Down the centre of the island there is a range of mountains, forming a backbone from which gorgeous rivers flow down to the plains. Thus very often a tourist will come suddenly upon a magnificent scene; a waterfall leaping down perhaps the whole side of a mountain, a cascade of foaming water against a tropical background of palm trees and gigantic tree ferns.

The island itself is about one hundred miles long and fifty miles wide, and has a population a little in excess of one million, nine-tenths of which is colored. It is indeed a land of contrasts; here one can find cities completely modernized, and yet a few hours' drive distant there are large untouched areas. The scenery also is widely varied; some sections are completely tropical, while others show the high, green hills and picturesque villages typical of England.

The climate is almost perfect because it is never excessively hot or cold. During the winter the temperature drops a few degrees, but this change is hardly noticeable as none of the vegetation dies or changes its leaves. Except during the dry season in the summer, everything is always green, and there is a perennial abundance of brightly colored flowers and shrubs.

Kingston, the present capital, situated on the southern coast of Jamaica, is supposed to have one of the five finest

harbors in the world. Here come ships from many shores, bringing passengers or calling for cargoes of bananas, citrus fruit, sugar, rum, or tobacco. A typical scene at a Jamaican wharf is a long line of negroes, with hands of bananas on their heads, trudging wearily backwards and forwards from freight cars to gangplank, in this manner loading bananas to be sent to far-away lands.

Kingston is thoroughly modernized, with its beautiful public buildings, banks, post-office, and hotels. The Myrtle Bank Hotel is one of the finest on the island; during the tourist season in winter or summer it is nearly always filled with guests eager to sample the charms of this unique island.

The Victoria Market right near the business section, is one of the most picturesque places on the island, possibly because it is in such direct contrast to the modern buildings on the same street. Here people from all over the country come leading their donkeys laden with vegetables and fruit. They sit around on the concrete floor, and spread their wares around them, the most fastidious using small stands. The scene is indeed colorful; the natives wear bright costumes with the inevitable gay bandanas or large-brimmed Panama hats. It is also very noisy, the merchants shouting the excellences of their wares to all who pass, or calling the price "one quattie only". Here a stranger can usually buy in safety, but let him beware of the sellers on the streets. For a tourist their prices immediately go up, and it is amazing how often they can fool their customers.

On the outskirts of Kingston is the residential section of St. Andrew. Here is situated the home of the governor, a beautiful place a little distant from the main road. Also in St. Andrew are the famous Hope Gardens, where every tourist is sent upon arrival. The orchid house alone is worth seeing, for there the most beautiful specimens are sent, and it is the boast of the owner that there are numerous blooms all the year round. Here also one can see specimens of the different Jamaican flowers, the Frangipani, Bohinia, Bougainvillia, and many others.

Another place worthy of mention is Spanish Town, or St. Jago de la Veja, the former capital of the island during the

rule of the Spaniards. Here stand the ruins of the governor's residence, which was burned down several years ago, a mute reminder of the glory that is past. The cathedral, which is supposed to be one of the three oldest in the West Indies, throws interesting light on that period when Jamaica was the abode of pirates, and Rodney and Nelson hoisted their flags on her shores. The capital was shifted to Kingston because the latter was more convenient for commerce, but Spanish Town is still, and always will be, a landmark.

Perhaps the most beautiful spot on the whole island is Fern Gully. It is on the way from Kingston to St. Ann's Bays, and is a tunnel-like gorge whose sides are covered with ferns, some of which meet overhead, causing the light to filter through with difficulty. It is about five miles long; while driving through, one is hushed by the beauty and tranquillity of the scene. Only the song of the birds and the faint trickle of water disturb the silence.

Jamaica is indeed an unspoiled island, blessed with scenery of varied and unending beauty and an almost perfect climate, - a charming blend of the primitive with all the comforts of home.

Betty Crook, '36.

ARE YOU OLD-FASHIONED?

Would you admit to being old-fashioned? You are, if you paint your nails, even though it's also up-to-date. The story is an old one about a Korean damsel:

All day long they lived apart, she at her work and he in his mystery. Then at night he donned his shining mantle and came out to take his place as the Evening Star. His soul twinkled to hear her silver voice, singing to him enchanting love songs. One night when he came from his dark hiding-place and heard the chorus of earth maidens chanting to their starry loves, he listened, as usual, for the voice of his beloved. But her song was so faint that he could scarcely hear it. Bending low, he drew the silver chords of the chorus closer. Reaching for one chord that carried an exquisite love note, he stumbled,

lost his balance, and plunged down, down through space, with his bright robes trailing behind him. He fell at the feet of the fair Korean, dead. She buried his "bleeding heart" and day and night she visited his grave, weeping and singing of the sorrow in her heart. One day there grew up in the midst of the grass a beautiful plant, which proved to be the jewel-weed, the cleanest of all flowers. When the blossoms shed, she rubbed the bright-colored petals on her nails that she might always carry her lover's spirit with her.

Thus, tinted nails became fashionable, and have remained fashionable to this day.

Louise Bashford, '37.

IF I COULD BE LIKE "EMILY"

If I could be like "Emily",
And write about the sea,
Or white clouds floating o'er my head,
Or "lank" pink worms, perhaps, instead,
Or lovely creatures none e'er saw,
Or knightly soldiers of the law;
Or brighten this world of sorrow and gloom
With flowerbeds about to bloom,
Or bring a song from a silent bar,
Or make light shine from a fallen star-
If one of these things I only could do,
I'd be so happy; nowwouldn't you?

Cathryn Byers, '36.

TOAST TO THE WIFE OF BATH

To the good wife of Bath here's a toast:
She was jolly, but deaf as a post.
'Twas known that she made better cloth
Than folks of Ypres, Ghent, and the North.
Of all wives in the land she was best;
She would go ahead of the rest.
If another should beat her,
She had better not meet her,-
The good wife of Bath who was deaf!

Her hats were pretty, but such
That they weighed ten pounds too much.
She liked red hose and new shoes;
In fact, she wore various hues.
Her face was bold, red, and fair,-
A combination only Chaucer would dare.
Her husbands were totaled to five;
The men swarmed around like a hive
The good wife of Bath who was deaf!

She had traveled to many a town;
This lady had gone up and down.
She went to Jerusalem and Rome;
She rarely remained at her home.
Her teeth were not pretty, 'tis true;
But on horseback she knew what to do.
She would don a gay rig,
And in footmantle big
Go riding, this lady of Bath!

She could chatter and loudly laugh
With Tom or with Dick or Ralph.
She knew all about romance;
She could doubtless sing and dance;
But though she'd been here and been there,
Her good name she had watched with some care.
After all, then, is said and done,
There could be no other one
Like the good wife of Bath who was deaf!

Elizabeth MacKethan, '36.

HOMECOMING

Setting sun and rising star,
Glory of departing day,
Crimson banners flung afar--
Beauty more than words can say.

Closing flower, cricket song,
Aisles of whispering loveliness,
Nodding trees and shadows long--
Beauty only hearts can guess.

Tiny houses tucked away,
With tiny gardens all their own,
And rows of yellow tulips gay
And little beds with larkspur sown.

Soft yellow candlelight inside--
My heart turns warm with sudden bliss;
And then, a door's thrown open wide,
And I step in--to happiness.

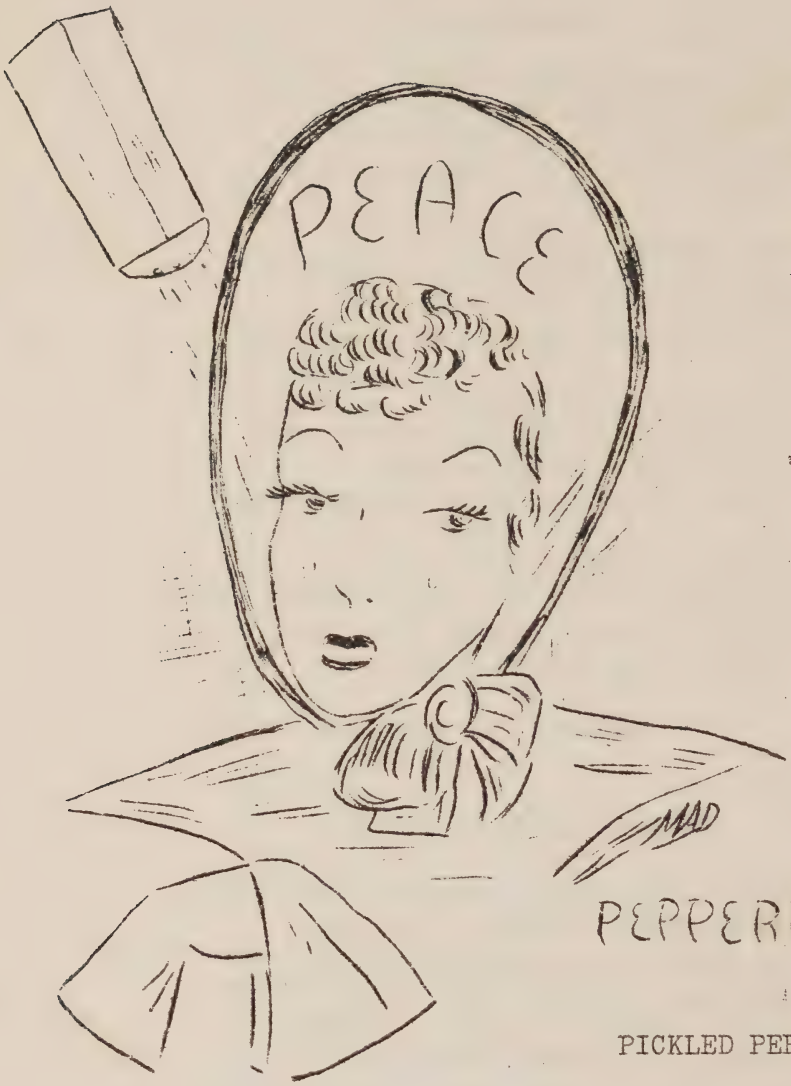
Frances Priscilla Baker, '36.

PEACE CAMPUS IN AUTUMN

When autumn comes, the gay leaves fly
Across Peace campus to the sky.
The browns and reds, the greens and yellows,
Soar hand in hand like merry fellows.
Onward and upward is their cry;
Upward and onward still they fly.

The wind dies down; the day grows old;
The red sun sets; the night is cold.
The leaves stop twirling in a faint;
The campus is spattered with autumn paint.

Virginia Lewis, Tenth Grade.



PICKLED PEPPERS

Papyrians picked a peck of pickled peppers;
A peck of pickled peppers Peace Papyrians picked.
Since Papyrians picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Then here's a speck of the pickled peppers
Peace Papyrians picked.

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

I think I shall never go to bed
Until the morning sky is red,
For on the morrow comes a quiz
On which I'll murmur, " Oh, gee whiz!"
At some dire question lurking there.
Alas, I cram and tear my hair!
And so I study all the night.
Oh, why, dear book, am I not bright?
Or is it you that's dull?

During the War, the Germans named their battleships "Jokes", so the English wouldn't see them.

Found on a Freshman's registration card: "Names of parents: Mama and Papa."

Then there is the story about Miss Flitter who, on her first visit to the bank, was asked to endorse her check, and wrote: "I heartily endorse this check."

Husband: Dear, you can't go to the theatre in your old coat, can you?
Wife (hopefully): Certainly not, dearest.
Husband: Just what I thought; so I bought only one ticket.

L. C. : May the Glee Club sing "Together"?
Miss Board: It's about time!

Miss Richards: If the president, vice-president, and all the cabinet members die, who officiates?
Student: The undertaker.

Mrs. Reins: And how's Frances getting along with her singing lessons?
Miss Board: Oh! I play on the white keys, I play on the black keys, and she sings on the cracks.

ROSSO'S TOWER: A GOTHIC TALE

My unknown escorts hurried me through a cobblestone alley and shoved me into a coach that sped away like a leaf in an autumn gust. I crouched in one corner and vainly tried to remove the bandage from my eyes. Hoarse voices mumbled to one another. Finally, I understood two words: "Rosso's Tower." My heart jumped up and down in fright. Were they taking me to the dreadful Tower of Rosso? I remembered hearing as a child the deserted mansion of the Rossos was haunted by a hunch-back ghost, who kept guard over a box of ancient gold coins. I shuddered to think of meeting Old Man Rosso. The coach jolted to a sudden stop, and large gloved hands helped me out and led me up a narrow dirt path. Briary fingers reached out to stick their needles in me. We stopped; I heard smothered voices conversing; then a noise as of a great dorr loosened from grouchy hinges and pulled from a clinging floor. A muffled voice told me to go to the tower room and bring back Rosso's treasure box. My feet were like lead; the blood froze in my veins; I was stiff with terror. But one of the large soft hands gave me a push that started me up the stairs. Dragging one foot after the other, I finally reached the top. For a moment, I could go no farther. Then I gripped myself and managed to move a few inches forward. Reaching out for the wall, my fingers fell upon something smooth, cold, and odd-shaped. Quickly I jerked them back. Bones--I had touched bones! After a minute, I renewed my courage and started again to find my way around. I knew that all around me were skeletons. Groping about, I stumbled over something, I screamed; my heart sank, but quickly bounced up again. After rubbing my foot experimentally against the thing, I stooped over and picked up my stumbling-block. It was square, heavy, and rough with rust. I shook it; coins slid around. I had it--Rosso's box! Just as I took a step, a sepulchral voice tolled at me:

"Put down my treasure box-
Or down you'll go,
And land on the rocks
In the dungeon below!"

Screaming, I clutched the box and moved to where I thought I should find the stairs. My feet started down, then my whole self started down; I was plunging to the dungeon room. I breathed my last breath and prepared to meet my fate.

But what was this? Rocks never before felt this way; I had landed on something soft.

Then I saw daylight-a floor stacked with pillows-and a trap door two feet above me. Initiation was over! All of us gaily piled into the old Ford coach and started back to school.

L. B.

* * *

Miss Kirk: What do you mean by playing truant? What makes you stay away from school.

Blushing B--: Class hatred, Miss Kirk.

How do you like my new gown? I got it for a ridiculous price.

You mean you got it for an absurd figure.

I woke up last night with the feeling that my watch was gone, so I got up and looked for it.

Well, was it gone?

No, but it was going.

Outsider: What do you have for lunch?

Student: We have a thousand things to eat, sir.

Outsider: What are they?

Student: Beans.

Quarterly Quiz

(Surnames of Peace students are to be supplied. A quarter of a dollar will be given to the student subscriber who first submits the correct answers to the editor of Voices of Peace.)

1. A country in Europe
2. A lofty mountain in America
3. Something at home in a school
4. What a horse obeys
5. What gentle steeds do
6. What rambling stones lack
7. What Oliver Twist wanted
8. What you don't want cracked
9. Dealer in candles
10. Artificer in metals
11. A president of the United States
12. Plural of fourth in 26
13. Loved by Little Boy Blue
14. King in the greenwood
15. Procrastinator's date
16. Weather unwanted week-ends.

* * *

Definitions

Ohm - residence
Erg - hen fruit
Turbine - girl's hat
Engine - redskin
Hoists - an animal used in polo
Watt - formal opening of a question such as weir.

College girls,
Midnight Oil,
Examinations,
Hours of toil,
Fingers weary,
Two-hour stay,
Happy thought,
One more day,
The holidays,
A needed rest;
Soon to come back
Full of zest.

PLUMS

Like little Jack Horner, she sat in the corner
Correcting tests by the lot.
She turned down her thumb
And said, "My, but she's dumb".
For an answer a "boner" she got.

HE FALLS TO DISCOVER, or THE MISTAKES OF A TERM

Once upon a time an archbishop named Lucifer fell out of heaven, and when he looked around and saw where he was, he decided that the first thing he would do on earth would be to go to Italy. He had heard much about the Vatican, that notorious volcano in Rome, and he also wanted to see a few of the famous buildings, or Marathons. Accordingly he set out on his journey. The sun had just sat upon the horizon, and the moon was gloriously shinning up above. He bought a toga (wagon) from a minaret (dancer) who had no further use for it, climbed into it and drove away, his feet resting comfortably upon a cassock. Presently he arrived at Thames, a city in Italy, and saw some yeomen (men who keep cows). Lucifer called to them and asked them where he could find the statue of Galilee, who was famous for having discovered the Pacific Ocean. They pointed to a cathedral (a place where idols are worshipped) in the distance, and he changed to a type of carriage called a "Pantheon" and drove toward it. When he arrived at the cathedral he drove into a portcullis (a driveway under a church porch), and dismounted from the carriage. On the lawn he saw a peer (one who seeks) hunting around in a pond for the one-celled plant called the "omega". The man had got himself all motley (messed up) in his search, but didn't seem to notice it.

Lucifer went into the cathedral, and began to look around. He saw pictures of Bloody Mary (bloody because her head was chopped off) and Gregory the Great, the man for whom St. Petersburg was named. There were also several statutes, including those of the great Arthurian Knight, Baal, and of Pershing, a distinguished general in the Civil War.

But Lucifer had begun to tire of all these relics, and determined to go on to Egypt where the Aegeans were rumored to dwell, and where he might live in the rich valley of the Amazon. So he embarked in a vassal and sailed merrily away, thoroughly convinced that his friends the Romasn belonged in an Elysium (insane asylum).

N. J.

* * *

FACULTY "MUSTS"

In Peace College you must regularly attend Kirk. You must always be careful of your Grammer. You must model your biographical sketches after the style of Sam Johnson's great biographer, Boswell. If you Turn-er wrong corner in closed study period, you must avoid a singing Board, or the Sharpe eyes of a Proctor will spy you, and then you will have to Steele yourself Staudt-ly to face ————.

Oh, Pugh ! Right about face, lest you fall into the Myer of minuses.

* * *

Steps of Sophistication

Junior Prep. - I don't know.
Senior Prep. - I am not prepared.
Junior - I don't remember.
Senior - I don't believe I can add anything to what has already been said.

C A M P U S I D E A L S

PURPOSE OF THE STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

The purpose of this Association is to maintain an effective system of Student Government by creating a spirit of individual responsibility, by enforcing all rules of the college, and by promoting a serious interest in scholarship. Every member considers herself upon her honor to help realize the purpose of the Association: first, by her own integrity of character; second, by an individual recognition of her obligation to observe the regulations that govern our school life; third, by her individual efforts to secure this recognition from any student who may fail to show it; fourth, by an honest endeavor on her part to raise her academic work to the highest standard to which she is capable of raising it; fifth, by upholding a genuine spirit of academic honesty.

All students of Peace are members of the Association, and the legislative body is composed of the entire Student Body.

PURPOSES OF THE PEACE STUDENT CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

1. To lead students to faith in God through Jesus Christ.
2. To lead them into membership and service in the Christian Church.
3. To promote their growth in Christian faith and character, especially through the study of the Bible.
4. To train them in Christian leadership and service, influencing them to devote themselves in united effort with all Christians to making the will of Christ effective in human society, and to the extending of the Kingdom of God throughout the world.

PEACE STUDENT CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION AIMS THIS YEAR

1. Daily Bible reading.
2. Cleaner reading.
3. Cleaner speech.

C U R R A N T S

Letter from Bettie

Hello, everybody, here we are with Athletics in full swing. First of all, we are proud of our new equipment, which consists of table-tennis, shuffle-boards, paddle tennis, and badminton, bought by the profits from the "Little Store".

We started our season off with a singles tennis tournament. Peace's courts have seen some fine playing during this tournament. Sarah Gilbert of Kerr; Betsy Grahma, Wilmington; Frances Cromartie, Dunn; and Bettie Lane, Kenly, put up spectacular fights. The final was won by Ellen Munroe of Japan. Her runner-up, who put up a noble fight, was Peggy Stixrud of Luebo, Africa.

The gym classes have been divided equally into Greens and Whites (the school colors). The teams are beginning their annual contest, and are now getting ready for the formation of volley-ball and basket-ball teams.

One of the aims of the Athletic Association is to give everybody a gay time. Accordingly, on Hallowe'en night they gave a "spooky party", with much hilarity and many shivers, which everyone enjoyed. Several games and contests were held while a masked band was going full force--Bazookas, rattles, tambourines, drum, piano, and maracas. The climax came when Betty Winborne, dressed as a ghost even to the face and feet, won the prize for the best costume.

The tri-collegiate tennis tournament at Meredith was great fun. Our players were Sarah Gilbert, Peggy Stixrud, Frances Cromartie, Margaret Daniel, Iris Kelly, and Nancy Jones. Peace tied with Meredith, each gaining a record of one loss and three victories.

Bettie Lane, '37

The day students are especially enjoying their sitting-room since it has been re-decorated so beautifully. They are also enjoying the use of the new ping-pong table, the shuffle-board set, the croquet set, and the bicycles, provided by the Peace Athletic Association, of which Miss Gladys Waldrop is the director.

C U R R A N T S

Many yawns and many groans marked the fateful dawning of Initiation Day in October. It was especially hard on those day students who live a long way from Peace. But even though the day began with darkness, all were eager to begin the morning activities, and were ready and waiting for the excitement of the afternoon and the big banquet that night.

The opening week of school was distinguished by two parties: the P. S. C. A. "kid party" on the campus Friday evening, and the Saturday night reception given by the faculty to the students in the college parlors. This reception followed the Annual Faculty Concert, a program of delight to all music-lovers.

During "Rush Week" the Sigs gave the new girls a "Dunking Party". This was a big success, with plenty to eat and a lively program.

Initiation began on Thursday, October 22, and continued through Saturday the 24th. The new girls enjoyed doing the simple but silly tasks required by the old girls. To top it all was the banquet Saturday night at the Sir Walter Hotel. The program included a welcome by Mary Louise Chandler, president of the society; a response by Jane Womble; a welcome to the faculty by Ann Dees, vice-president; a response by Miss Helen Board; a rhumba dance by Betty Crook, '36, and Teresa de la Cruz; a vocal solo by Eleanor Benson; a "mock Yankee" dance by Frances Cromartie and Mary Louise Chandler; and a trio composed of Frances Reins, Sarah Gilbert, and Mary Gwyn Williams.

About half of the new girls "went Sig" this year.

The Pis began their campaign for new members by inviting all the new girls to a picnic at Mordecai Springs. The air was so frosty that the hot-dogs and all that went with them tasted twice as good. When the day of decision arrived, 75 new girls accepted the Pi bids. This increased the number of Pis to 115.

The following Saturday the old Pis had the pleasure of initiating their "pledges". They began at the early hour of 5:30 a.m. The new girls were initiated royally until class time, and again in the afternoon.

C U R R A N T S

At seven-thirty in the evening all the Pi's went to the Carolina Pines Club House for their eagerly anticipated annual banquet. Eleanor Badger, the Pi president, welcomed the new members, and Ellen Munroe responded. Mary Ruth Moore gave the welcome to the faculty and Dr. Pressly responded.

Following the dinner, two hilarious skits were presented; one by the old Pi's and one by the new members. The old Pi's presented a "mock faculty" skit. Dora Bostick of Charlotte impersonated Miss Richards; Katherine Willis of Raleigh, Miss Thiason; Louise Bashford of Raleigh, Miss Salls. The new Pi's enacted a scene called "Saturday Night at Peace." Miss McLelland was played by Ruth Sykes of Hamlet, and Mrs. Turner, as hostess of the evening, was played by Katherine Stewart of Clinton. The girls were Inez Martin, Fair Bluff; Betty Kennison, Raleigh; Betty Brown, Raleigh; Margaret Elliot, Durham; and Mariam Boyd, Warrenton. Mary Drewry of Raleigh entertained the club with a tap dance, accompanied at the piano by Betty Larkins of Clinton. Everyone had a delightful evening.

The annual reception of the Student Association was given this year on Saturday evening, November 21. As usual, this was one of the happiest events of the season.

Among very enjoyable afternoon events are the weekly teas given by students in the Home Economics department, under the direction of Miss Evelyn Howell.

Miss Betty Felton of Goldsboro, who was formerly a student here in Miss Howell's Domestic Art Class, has again won a distinction in the Traphagen School of Fashion in New York City. She has been awarded honorable mention by the Beaux Arts Ball committee for her designs, "The Gemini Twins".

The Art Class is progressing steadily under the direction of Miss Mabel Pugh, who was formerly a pupil of the late Mrs. Ruth Huntington Moore, for many years teacher of Art in Peace College. Miss Pugh is the author and illustrator of a charming book for children, Little Carolina Bluebonnet.

C U R R A N T S

The Dramatic Class, for several years under the guidance of the late Mrs. Nina Holland Covington, is now directed by Miss Martha Boswell and Miss Helen Board. The students have responded with enthusiasm, and have already accomplished some excellent pieces of work. Their histrionic abilities will later be displayed in the college auditorium.

The Wednesday section of the Current Events Club held its first meeting this year on November 11. The new name of the Club will be decided on at the next meeting. The Friday section met for the first time on November 13.

The sponsor of the Club is Miss Jane Richards, head of the department of History.

The twenty-one members of the Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Helen Board, are now practicing for the Christmas Candlelight Service.

The Papyrians are glad to announce that Miss Martha Boswell, of the department of College English, has joined the Papyrus Club.

The club now contains only three of its "charter members" of 1934-'35. These are Miss Salls, head of the English department; Miss Martha Myers, '36, music practice supervisor; and Miss Nancy Jones, '37, assistant business manager of Voices of Peace.

Two charter members appeared on the program of the Papyrus Club given Monday noon, November 30, in the Henry Jerome Stockard Classroom. Miss Nancy Jones read with appreciation several poems by Dr. Stockard, who was president of Peace from 1907 to 1912. Miss Kathryn Denton '36, then gave an account of her interview last year with Dr. Stockard's widow (who has since passed away).

One of the most artistic programs presented within recent years in the Peace Chapel was the Violin Recital of Mrs. Dorothy Peterson Alden of our faculty, on the evening of November 13.

C U R R A N T S

All the dormitory students attended the concert given in the Municipal Auditorium, November 23, by Emmanuel Feuermann, 'cellist. This was the opening program of the series sponsored by the Civic Music Association.

All of the dormitory students attended the impressive United Thanksgiving Service held in the Municipal Auditorium. Dr. Robert E. Speer, Presbyterian Foreign Mission Secretary and world missionary statesman, was the speaker of the morning. A number of the girls returned to the Auditorium that night to hear the addresses of Dr. M. E. Dodd of Shreveport, La., and of Dr. E. Stanley Jones of India. The programs were offered to the public by the National Preaching Mission, which convened in Raleigh from November 26 to 29. The Worship Service proceding the addresses on Saturday night was led by Dr. William C. Pressly, President of Peace.

At dinner-time on Thanksgiving Day, Miss Ethel Grammer, our dietitian, as usual provided the household of Peace with plenty to be thankful for.

Miss Lovie Jones served after-dinner coffee to the faculty November 22 in the college parlors, honoring her dinner-guest, Mr. Oscar Skavlan, of the Sherwood Music School, Chicago.

Miss Richards's American History class recently displayed a very attractive "Colonial Exhibit": their own handiwork.

Mrs. Lucile Cavenaugh, our Librarian, has given to the College English classes and the High School Seniors a series of very profitable lessons in The Use of Books and the Library.

Students in the department of Biology have enjoyed a number of field-trips this fall with Miss Nancy Eliason.

C U R R A N T S

Miss Alice Whittier Meserve is chairman this year of the Latin Teachers' Group of the N. C. Education Association.

Miss Anne Raynor is chairman of the International Relations Group of the Raleigh branch of the American Association of University Women.

Mrs. David Worth is chairman of the Social Committee of the Raleigh branch of the American Association of University Women.

Miss Lucy Steele, who conducted a series of Bible lessons last summer at Montreat, has been conducting a similar series on Sundays and Mondays this fall in various Presbyterian churches in this section. About three hundred and fifty women of Raleigh are taking Miss Steele's course: "Outline Study of the Old Testament".

Dr. Pressly and Miss McLelland attended the Conference of the Association of Southern Colleges and Secondary Schools in Richmond the first week of December.

The Papyrus Club wishes to broadcast its gratitude to Katherine Willis, '37, of Raleigh, for her valuable services as business manager. Even after illness necessitated a temporary withdrawal from college, Katherine came back to the campus for a brief conference about Voices of Peace.

Gratitude is due also to Miss Amelia Clark, under whose efficient direction this magazine was mimeographed; and to her various office assistants.

Most of all, gratitude is due to Dr. Pressly, without whose wise and sympathetic support there could not have been this magazine.

A L U M N A E T I D B I T S

Dormitory Students of '36

Robbie Sue Black - Secretarial w ork in Wilson
Julia Branch - Enfield
Cathryn Byers - Bessie Tift College, Georgia
Marjorie Clark - Secretarial work in Clarkton
Betty Crook - Business School in Wilmington
Sarah Crump - W. C. U. N. C., Greensboro
Bybe Davenport - Duke University
Marjorie Gerber - Secretarial work in Henderson
Stella Heath - Duke University
Meredith Holderby - Salem College
Bettie Hunt - W. C. U. N. C., Greensboro
Mabel Johnson - Duke University
Margaret Johnston - University of North Carolina
Meta Kennison - Secretarial School in Henderson
Elizabeth MacKethan - Secretarial School in Fayetteville
Bill Moss - Oxford
Martha Hayes Myers - Music Practice Supervisor at Peace Junior College.
Mildred Polston - Raeford
Billie Peace Pope - Creedmoor
Patsy Ricks - Mrs. Garland Daughtridge, Whitakers
Mary Rachel Teel - E. C. T. C., Greenville
Virginia Turner - Flora McDonald College, Red Springs
Elizabeth Ward - Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore
Ruth Webb - Greensboro College, Greensboro
Glenn Willard - Business School in Wilmington
Margaret Wooten - Greensboro College, Greensboro

A L U M N A E T I D B I T S

Day Students of '36

Mary Elizabeth Allen - Secretarial work in Offices of Young Democrats
Frances Baker - Miss Hardbarger's Secretarial School
Edith Brown - Scott Parish Electric Company
Jessamine Coates - Secretarial work for Mr. House
Virgilia Cole - Secretarial work in Offices of Young Democrats
Grace Crouch - Raleigh
Dorothy Danieley - Raleigh
Kathryne Denton - News and Observer
Margaret Durfey - Raleigh
Pauline Etheridge - Secretarial work
Mary Kellam Garrison - Raleigh School of Commerce
Katharine Glascock - Miss Hardbarger's Secretarial School
Elizabeth Hundley - King's Business College
Dorothy Holland - Secretarial work in Office of Mr. Spenser
Ethelyn Holden - Secretarial work

Let thoughtful readers, observing the number of 1936 girls now engaged in secretarial work, note the happy fruitage of the labors of Miss Ida W. Currie's Commercial students.

The following 1936 graduates have visited Peace this year: Marjorie Gerber, Marjorie Clark, Glenn Willard, Elizabeth MacKethan, Margaret Williamson, Bettie Hunt, Betty Crook, Meredith Holderby, Rachel Brothers, Ruth Webb, Meta Kennison, Stella Heath, Bybe Davenport, Robbie Sue Black, Mabel Johnson, Julia Branch, Bill Moss, Billie Peace Pope, Margaret Wooten, Bonnie Blalock.

Alumnae of all classes are requested to send news of themselves to the editor of Voices of Peace.

PEACE DIRECTORY

Student Government Association

President of Student Association - - - - - - Frances Cromartie
Secretary of Student Association - - - - - - -Alice Harrison
Treasurer of Student Association - - - - - - - Betty McArthur
Representative of Student Body - - - - - - - - - To be elected
President of Peace Student Christian Association - -Jean Morrow
President of Athletic Association - - - - - - - - Bettie Lane
President of Day Students' Group - - - - - - -Dorothy Thurman
President of Senior Class - - - - - - - Mary Catherine Trice
Representative of Senior Class - - - - - -Ann Marie Jefferson
Representative of Junior Class - - - - - - - - Betsy Graham

Peace Student Christian Association

President - - - - - - - - - - - - - -Jean Morrow
Vice-President - - - - - - - - - Alice Harrison
Secretary - - - - - - - - - - - - Betty McArthur
Treasurer - - - - - - - - - - - - - Nancy Jones

Chairman of Home Missions - - - - - - - - - Elizabeth Smith
Chairman of Music - - - - - - - - - - - Ann Marie Jefferson
Chairman of Social Committee - - - - - - Mary Catherine Trice
Chairman of Foreign Missions - - - - - - - Frances Cromartie

Faculty Adviser - - - - - - - - Miss Lucy Steele

Athletic Association

President - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Bettie Lane
Director - - - - - - - - - - - - Miss Gladys Waldrop

P E A C E D I R E C T O R Y

Lotus Staff

Editor-in-Chief - - - - - - - - -Jeannette Bagwell
Assistant Editor - - - - - - - - - Mary Leona Ruffin
Business Manager - - - - - - - - - Eleanor Benson
Assistant Business Manager - - - Mary Catherine Trice
Senior Section - - - - - - - - - - Marcella Folley
Art Staff - - - - - June Dickson, Elizabeth Slater
Joke Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - Frances Reins
Snapshot Editor - - - - - - - -Mary Gwyn Williams
Associate Editors - - -Ellen Munroe, Mary Janice Cobb
Perrye Smith, Rachel Carraway

Faculty Advisers - - - -Miss Mary Catharine Proctor
Mrs. Olive Pittman Worth
Miss Mary Kirkpatrick

Day Students' Club

President - - - - - - - - - - - - Dorothy Thurman

Senior Class

President - - - - - - - - - Mary Catherine Trice
Vice-President - - - - - - - - - - - Dee Batchelor
Secretary - - - - - - - - - - - - - Doris Parker
Treasurer - - - - - - - - - - - Elizabeth Crosby

Faculty Sponsor - - - - - - - Miss Gladys Waldrop

P E A C E D I R E C T O R Y

Junior Class

President - - - - - - - - - - - Josephine Martin
Vice-President - - - - - - - - - - - Susan Cooper
Secretary - - - - - - - - - - - - Mary Herring
Treasurer - - - - - - - - - - - - Eloise Harris

Faculty Sponsor - - - - Miss Mary Catharine Proctor

High School Seniors

President - - - - - - - - - - - Teresa de la Cruz
Vice-President - - - - - - - - - Katherine Rainey
Secretary-Treasurer - - - - - Marion Grey Mitchell

Faculty Sponsor - - - - - - - Miss Jane Richards

Pi Theta Mu Literary Society

President - - - - - - - - - - - - Eleanor Badger
Vice-President - - - - - - - - Betty Lou Fletcher
Secretary - - - - - - - - - - - - Jane Highsmith
Treasurer - - - - - - - - - - - - Dorothy Thurman

Faculty Sponsor - - - - - - - Miss Jane Richards

P E A C E D I R E C T O R Y

Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Society

President - - - - - - - - - - - Mary Louise Chandler
Vice-President - - - - - - - - - - - - - Ann Dees
Secretary - - - - - - - - - - - -Mary Gwyn Williams
Treasurer - - - - - - - - - - - - Mary Leona Ruffin

Faculty Sponsor - - - - - Miss Mary Catharine Proctor

Marshals

Sig's
Caroline Jerritt
Evelyn Sloan

Pi's
Betty Ruth Larkins
Katherine Stewart

Chief Marshal - Blanche Harrison, Sig.

Dramatic Class

President - - - - - - - - - - - -Josephine Martin
Vice-President - - - - - - - - - - - Margaretha Craig
Secretary-Treasurer - - - - - - - - - - - Keene Wade

Directors - - - Miss Martha Boswell, Miss Helen Board

PEACE DIRECTORY

Glee Club

President - - - - - - - - - - - - Eleanor Benson
Vice-President - - - - - - - - - - Alice Harrison
Secretary-Treasurer - - - - - - - - - Frances Reins
Librarian - - - - - - - - - - - Margaret Candler
Director - - - - - - - - - - - Miss Helen Board

Current Events Club

Wednesday Section
President - Willena Smith
Secretary - Ellen Munroe

Friday Section
President - Mary Herring
Secretary - Sarah Gilbert

Faculty Sponsor - - - - - - - -Miss Jane Richards

Papyrus Club

President - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Miriam Doub
Vice-President - - - - - - - - -Ann Marie Jefferson
Secretary-Treasurer - - - - - - Elizabeth Richardson

Peace Papyrians

Louise Bashford
Mary Carlton
Elizabeth Crosby
Lula Davis
Miriam Doub
Marcella Folley
Mary Council Horne
Ann Marie Jefferson
Nancy Jones
Lillian Lee
Frankie Northcott
Elizabeth Richardson
Elizabeth Slater
Elizabeth Smith
Mary Helen Watkins
Katherine Willis

Miss Martha Myers, '36
Miss Martha Boswell
Miss Helen Salls